

3, 1904.

VOLUME XLIII.

NEW YORK, JUNE 30, 1904.

NUMBER 1131.

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second Class Mail Matter.
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Midd Club



F.W. READ.

IMPROVIDENT.

Mrs. Lonelee: WEREN'T YOU SURPRISED, UNCLE, TO HEAR THAT POOR HARRY HAD LEFT ME A WIDOW?
"THAT'S ABOUT ALL THAT I EXPECTED HE *would* LEAVE YOU."

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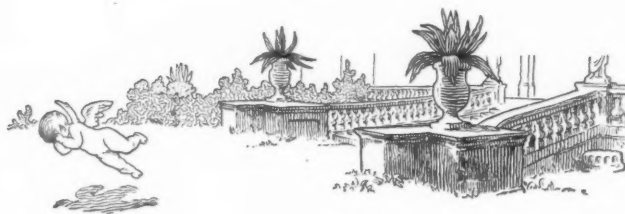


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LIFE



THE DISCOVERY OF A NEW LAND.

An Open Letter to Raisuli.

EAR BANDIT :



Since you've shown a disposition,
free and fine,
To hold the Yankee tourist up
for ransom,
I'd suggest that you descend upon
a few good friends of mine,
And in the Moorish manner "do
the handsome."

I've taken down some likely names and put
them on my list,

Though I haven't got one-millionth of the
flock, oh,

Who might safely be abducted and not seri-
ously missed—

If only they would travel in Morocco !

I'll head the list with Mr. Rockefeller's sacred
son

And his Bible class, a most attractive "fea-
cher."

Then you might abscond with gentle Mother
Eddy, just for one,

If you're looking for a Christian Science
teacher.

Next, Father Smith of Utah you might sweep
into the hills

Like a straw before the terrible sirocco ;

Take them, take them to your hock-shop as
deposit on your bills—

If only they would travel in Morocco !

There is William Jennings Bryan, who is
here, lest we forget

What is hardly necessary to remember.

Democracy would never try to hinder you—
you bet !—

If you tied him to your lair until September.

A bandit, if obliging, might perform a world
of good

By forcibly diminishing our stock—oh,

Mr. Raisu-what's-your-name, it would be
splendid if we *could*

Send a fresh, selected shipload to Morocco.

Wallace Irwin.

Novel Writing.

A MECHANICAL novel writer ought
not to be beyond a people who
already know how to digest their food
in factories and to play their pianos
with a treadle.

A stencil will certainly take care of
the talk, and that a phrasing lever can
be made to supply the love theme and
the human interest is hardly to be
doubted.

It may easily be found that where
an author pours out his soul all at once,
into a tin reservoir, he uses it more
economically, and the unpleasant spec-
tacle of bright young persons writing
out with a hundred or two novels may
thus be done away with.

Of course, it will be vitally necessary
to make the machine such that a child
can operate it.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLIII. JUNE 20, 1904. No. 1131.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope.

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COLORADO is a distant State to which adventurous Americans go to dig for desirable metals, to raise cattle and to ease their lungs. Health, metals and beef are usually its chief exports, but lately its preponderant export has been news. For more than a year it has been sending us stories of miners' strikes, of clashes over labor

legislation, and of long periods of service by the State militia. The main trouble is in Teller County, a remote district high in the mountains where mining is the only industry. A strike of miners has been in session there for many months. The union miners have long been used to terrorize the district. A good many of them are lawless men, who stick at no crime to make a strike successful. They have committed many outrages, and their activities culminated about a month ago in the blowing up of forty non-union miners with an infernal machine. About half were killed, the rest very seriously hurt. Since then there have been very lively times in Teller County, and a more lavish exportation of news than ever. Governor Peabody is earnestly bent on keeping order in his State. General Bell, who commands his militia, is equally solicitous to the same end. They have taken hold hard in the disordered district, arresting everybody that was troublesome, and driving out of the State, under militia

guard, scores of union miners whose presence they determined to be prejudicial to order. A large proportion of the citizens are with them in their efforts. They propose to make the State safe and orderly, by whatever means are necessary, and it seems probable that they will succeed.



THE Governor and his Militia General are much criticised for the extra-legality of some of their doings. We are assured, and believe, that in all the long-seated mining troubles in Colorado the miners have by no means been alone in flouting the law. The miners have used physical violence; their opponents have cheated them in legislation and deprived them of certain lawful fruits of political victory. Even now, we are told, the State authorities have no right to banish droves of turbulent citizens, and shut hundreds of others up in "bull-pens." We guess some of these assertions are true. *Inter arma silent leges*. When things come to such a pass as in Teller County, it is apt to go hard with legalities. What seems evident is that in Teller County the tyranny of the union miners had become so intolerable that the rest of the people rose against it. The outcome, however much law-breaking, fighting and damage to the legal reputation of Governor Peabody intervene, is going to be order. After order has been established, and organized murders and dynamitings have been crushed out, examination into the legality of the means used will be convenient, and perhaps damages will lie in some cases.

Things are not going quite as they should in Colorado, but, as we see it, conditions are improving there, and there is good prospect of instructive results. Vigilance-committee government is not good, but when it is indispensable it is best to have it. The sort that prevails just now in Teller County is tempered by official authority, which restrains it and makes it responsible. The special trouble with the county and with the State is that the mining

industry in it is so preponderantly important that the whole State has been made a battlefield between miners and mine-owners. There is, apparently, a lack of disinterested citizens not concerned for either side, but only for the enactment of just laws and their enforcement. It no more accords with equity that the union miners should make laws for the mine-owners, than that the mine-owners should make laws for the miners. There ought to be an element strong enough to control both.



THAT Hearst should have captured the Illinois delegation to the Democratic Convention is enlightening as to the tastes of the managers of the Illinois Democracy, but it is not especially significant. He cannot be nominated, and it still looks as if Judge Parker would be the Democratic candidate. The Judge has divulged nothing since last week that in any way prejudices his prospects. The rumor that he habitually eats pie twice a day may be malignant in intention, but will tend to strengthen him in New England and the West, and will do him more good than harm.



THE story of the burning of the *General Slocum* in the East River, with a Sunday-school picnic aboard, is a horror without mitigation. It is useless to dwell upon it here. The war in the East has not yet sent us so awful a tale as this of a thing that happened within rifle shot of the wharves of Manhattan Island. There were blunders in the management of the boat after she took fire—blunders that were deadly—and some grave defects in the boat's equipment. A wooden boat, a rattled captain, rotten life-preservers, bad fire apparatus, eight hundred lives lost. That is the story.



A MATTER OF MONEY.



A NEW MEMBER FOR THE
RED CROSS SOCIETY.



SECRETARY MOODY
HAS THE MEASLES.



UNCLE SAM DOESN'T LIKE THE KISSING GAME.



BOSTON ADOPTS THE MUSIC CURE.



PRINCE PU LUN, WHILE IN AMERICA, DENIES HIMSELF TEA.

The Lamps.

MY wife has countless lamps to burn,
 Frail vases slim and tall,
 And squatty bowls of divers shapes
 Where emerald dragons sprawl.
 They're pink, and white, and red, and blue,
 And broad, and low, and high,
 And gay with flowers no botanist
 Could hope to classify.

They shimmer jewel-like and soft
 From folds of silk and lace,
 They faintly glow like rainbow moons
 Afloat in misty space,
 They glimmer like the pearls of dew
 Upon a rose's lip,
 But when we really want to see,
 We light a tallow dip.

Minna Irving.

All Serene.

"HAS Jones an assured reputation
 as an author?"

"Absolutely. Why, he says he can
 now turn out poor work all the rest of
 his life."



AT THE FAIR

St. Louisian: LET'S GO THROUGH "OLD
 JERUSALEM."

"THAT'S NO NOVELTY FOR ME. JUST CAME
 FROM NEW YORK."



AT LIFE'S FARM.
 HANGING OUT THE WASH.

Conn.

CONNECTICUT is infested by the
 N. Y., N. H. and H. R. R., and
 the freshman class of Yale College.
 On one side it shines with the reflected
 culture of Massachusetts, and on the
 other, glows from the warm virtue of
 Tammany Hall.

Connecticut is the only State in the
 Union where the business men all go
 home to luncheon. It subsists mainly
 on factories and flirting.

The Connecticut River flows through
 the State, and is constantly emptying
 some of the principal members of the
 Hartford Club into Long Island Sound.

Hartford, a principal city, is located
 in one of the largest department stores
 in the State, and is peopled by several
 high-toned citizens of wealth, who sleep
 at home in the daytime and pass their
 evenings in New York. In Hartford
 the insurance rates rise to a height of
 several thousand dollars above the
 level of the sea, and extend clear across
 the continent to the Pacific. Hartford
 society is divided into two opposing
 elements—poker players and leaders in
 prayer. Hartford mothers have dis-
 carded cribs, and use autos to bring up
 their babies in.

New Haven sleeps at the foot of
 Savin Rock, awakened only at long
 intervals by Professor Ladd's class in
 philosophy, and the Psi Delta Kappa as
 they ante up. The skating in New
 Haven is unexcelled, the students
 wearing their skates far into the sum-
 mer. New Haven is often careless in

its habits, forgetting to bring in its col-
 lege widows at night, and has the
 proud distinction of having the only
 boy president in the country.

Bridgeport, first founded by Noah
 and P. T. Barnum, is clutched firmly
 by the N. Y., N. H. and H. R. R.,
 and leads a hell on earth. Its society
 leaders can be seen as late as seven
 in the morning carrying their cans down
 to the suspender factories where they
 toil, carefully avoiding their contagious
 trolley car system, which was given up
 by medical science at the close of the
 last century.

Connecticut is noted for its sanita-
 riums, among others being the New
 England Railroad, celebrated for its
 rest cure devices; and it is big and
 broad enough to hold the twin voices
 of Joe Barbour and Joe Hawley.

In the country districts wooden nut-
 megs are still raised, and farmers can
 be seen driving bargains with their
 wives and children from sunrise to
 sunset. Wooden automobiles are also
 used.

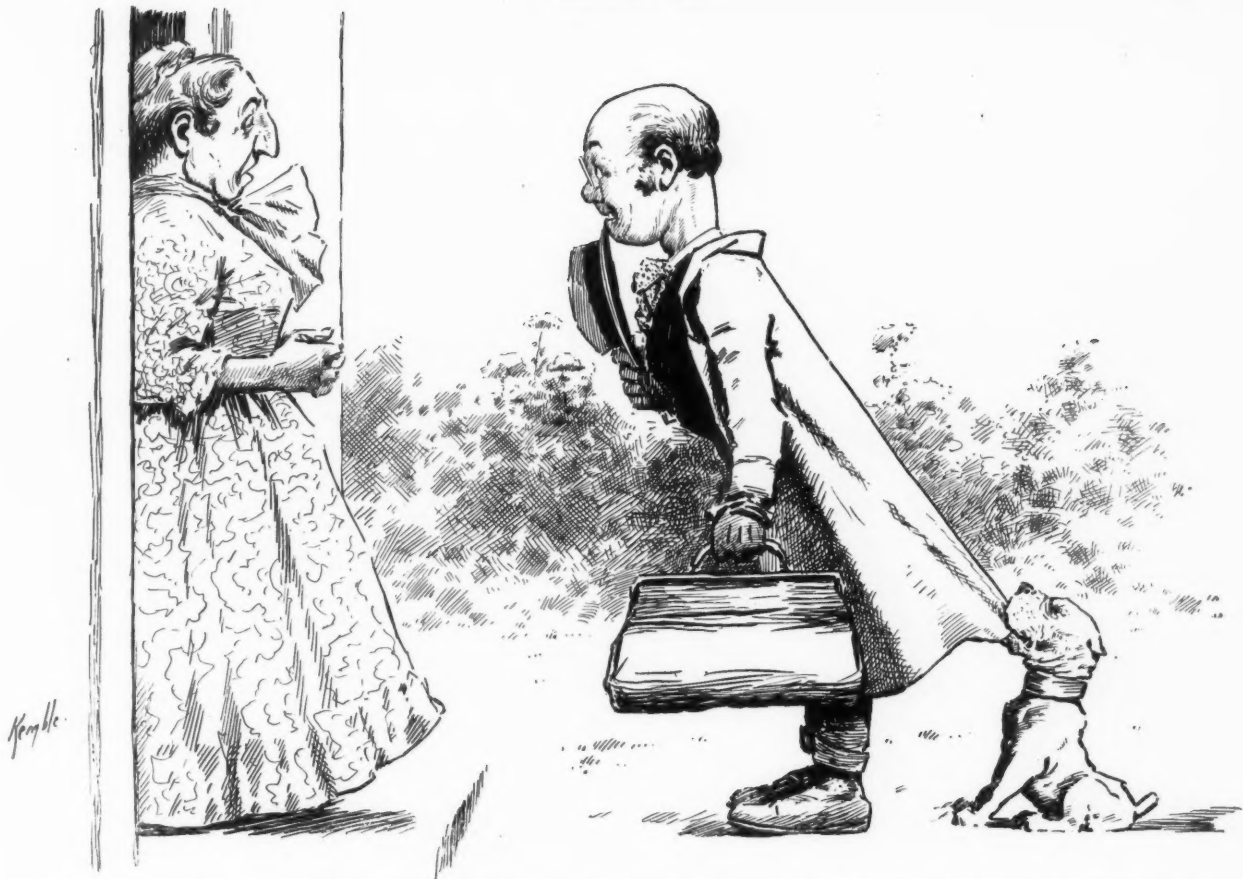
The weather in Connecticut varies
 from a linen duster to a coonskin coat.
 But generally speaking, the tempera-
 ture is pretty mean.

T. M.

PARSON WHITE: Mistah John-
 sing's vely peculiar.

BRUDDER JONES: Yas, indeedy. He'd
 radder work dan git married.

IT is a free country, and we all enjoy
 ourselves, in our own way, at our
 own peril.



"PARDON ME, MADAM, BUT I WAS PASSING YOUR HOUSE JUST NOW AND YOUR DOG SUDDENLY BECAME ATTACHED TO ME. AS I AM GOING TO THE CITY, I KNEW YOU WOULD NOT CARE TO HAVE ME TAKE HIM WITH ME."

The Sea Serpent Ashore.

UP to date the old Sea Serpent has not spouted as of yore,
But has left the ocean combers and is doing stunts on shore,
For a great and fearful monster underneath New York to-day
Surely now is creeping, crowding, forcing a determined way.

From the Battery to Harlem powerfully it writhes along;
Hear it mumble, groan and rumble, striking terror to the strong!
Smoke is rushing from its nostrils and it belches fire and steam,
Snorting, sissing, spouting, making even donkey-engines scream.

With an appetite enormous and a widely yawning jaw,
Frightened women, autos, horses disappear within its maw;
Foreign flavors just imported are the things it seems to like,
And it swallows down Italians in the place of Pat and Mike.

Tall sky-scrapers feel it coming, and they tremble lest it scoop
Their expensive underpinning, as it has the brownstone stoop.
How it licks up all before it, and with dynamic roar
Wallows round and makes more trouble than it ever did off shore!

All the city politicians never pulled more miles of wire,
Laid such pipe, or did such dark deeds as this monster of the mire;
Press and Pulpit, stern Injunction could not stay its sweeping
course.

'Tis another indication of the Passing of the Horse.

Never Tammany's brave Tiger lashed its tail with wilder roars
Than this mighty, snorting creature pushing through our cellar-
doors;—

It is proud when lordly Mayors deign within its sides to walk,
And it cries, "See how I've wriggled through your Little Old New
York.

"I am not an Office-seeker, but I'm on the ground to stay,
And the Serpent is your servant when you use the great subway;
It is up to you to feed me something better than 'hot air'—
Just a very simple ration—nickels for my daily fare."

A. S. Shelton.

A Busy Woman.

"EH-YAH! There was my Aunt Debby, who was as
good a woman as 'most ever walked the ground,
and so busy that she was mighty near painful, at times,"
said old Timrod Tarpy, whose jovial philosophy was occa-
sionally strabismussed by pessimism. "She raised eight
children that were fully as good as the average, contributed
to over 200 missionaries of one kind and another, fed 400
preachers, mostly on chicken-and-dumplin's, darned 9,000
socks, cooked 65,000 meals, washed 800,000-and-several
dishes, and had something near a million different last

words with the husband of her bosom, who weighed 107 pounds, and sorter reminded you in certain ways of a goose in a hailstorm.

"At last, she laid her work down, and, according to the testimony of the attending physician and clergyman, died, and entered into her eternal rest. But two hours, or such a matter, later, she opened her eyes and inquired if her husband hadn't failed, with his usual absentmindedness, to put out the cat. Having been assured, by word of mouth and the sight of the cat held up outside of the window, that such was not the case, she sighed satisfiedly and passed away. And all of us who had known her so well and respected her accordingly said it was just like her; and her husband wore sort of a chastenedly apprehensive look for quite a spell afterwards, and would kind of dodge when spoken to hastily—for he knew very well that in spite of himself he sometimes forgot to wipe his muddy feet on the mat, and that, while washing the dishes on the third day after the funeral, he had accidentally let a good-sized piece of soap slide down the sink-drain and couldn't get it out."

Tom P. Morgan.

The Ten-Cent Monthly Magazine.



A FEW years ago a tall and lanky literary man, with an Earl of Pawtucket mustache, broke loose from custom and announced the birth of the ten-cent monthly. Since then, new ones, like Somebody's Bonbons, are "fresh daily."

That thirty-five cent affair, appealing mainly to men over forty, who wear heavy gold watch chains and think William Dean Howells equal to Dickens, still serenely goes on, but the leading dime magazines, which are trying to put the other various priced popular magazines in companionship with the dodo,

have a much larger circulation.

One thing nice about this kind of periodical is that it doesn't matter whether you're Lizzie Peabody of Lima, Ohio, or a United States Senator; so long as your manuscript pleases the editor, it is accepted. Thus it provides a career for many aspirants.

The boy whose ambition in life until he reached thirteen was to be a conductor on the B. and Z. Division of the J. K. L., now develops into a languid youth with hazy dreams of going to the First National Bank and cashing a check for five hundred dollars, which "Nobody's" paid him for his last short story; the pale-faced girl who has just finished Smith or Vassar is sure that she can win fame and money by magazine work; and the sentimental married woman imagines she has a message for the world.

These periodicals foster this vast army taken down with the magazine-writing fever; and many individuals who,

after treading off the map, get a Mason's fruit jar with geraniums in it on their resting-place, die with the knowledge that some of their best thoughts fluttered before the public eye.

A cardinal feature of the ten-cent monthly is the advertisements. If, when reading "Why Did She Do It?" by Alonzo Whatell, you find it bores you, turn to the rear and revel in the masterly lines of a Schlitz "ad."

The stories of these magazines usually live only a few weeks after their publication—posterity can politely, but firmly, go to!

Wilson Naylor.

Advice to a Household Cat.

AS you sit before the blazing fire, reflect that the wood being consumed, presumably for your benefit, costs all the way from nine dollars to fifteen dollars a cord. Make yourself uneasy over this, if possible.

Wonder occasionally where your next meal is coming from. Consider the uncertainty of life and the possibility of your not having the next meal at all, and make yourself nervous over it.

Let your dreams be troubled. All about you there are suffering, trials, disappointments, agonies and general misery. Let it be on your mind that you may be the next one, and then, every time you wake up and change your tail, you will be conscious of a deep sense of oppression.

Worry about your coat. Nature has arranged it so that it is thicker in the winter than it is in the summer, but this may not always be so. At any time, by some perversity of Providence, you might begin to shed your hair at the beginning of a cold snap; this is fully enough to give you cause for alarm.

Learn to control your muscles. At present, as you lie prone, they are hopelessly relaxed. This style went out long ago. Keep them taut and firm and strung up, ready for any emergency; ready, for example, to jump when an automobile is coming your way.

Be as unnatural as possible. It is bad form to be yourself. It shows a hopeless disregard for Philosophy, Science and the higher education. When you meow, do it in secret. It is bad form to meow openly. And remember this: that, unless you strive to be all these things, you can never hope to be anything else but a cat.

Addison Fox, Jr.

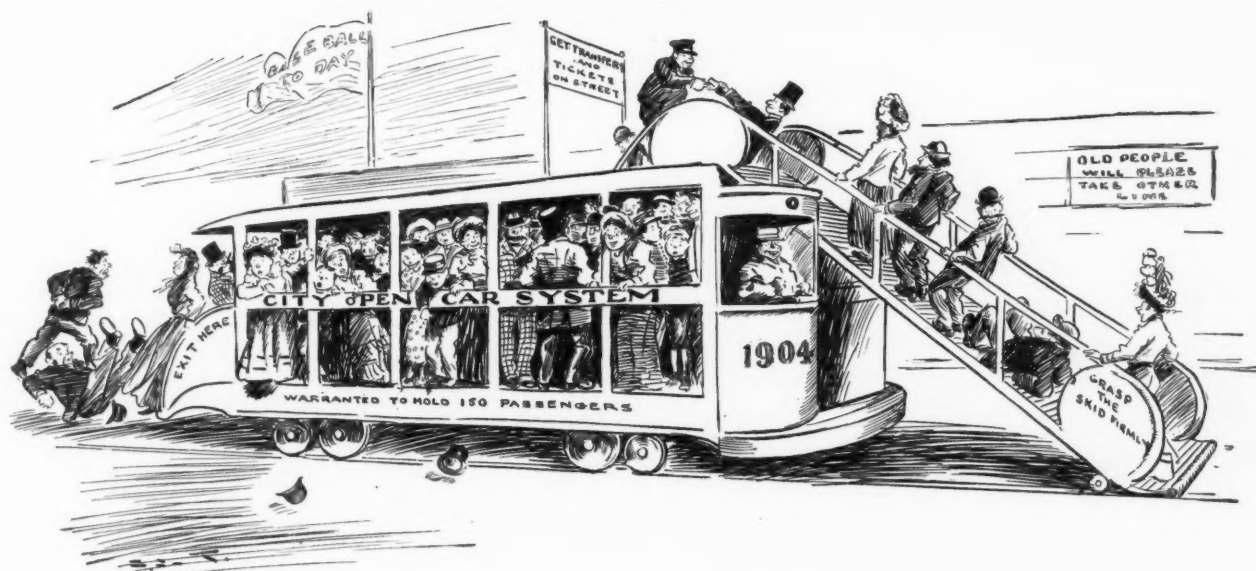


"HANDS UP!"



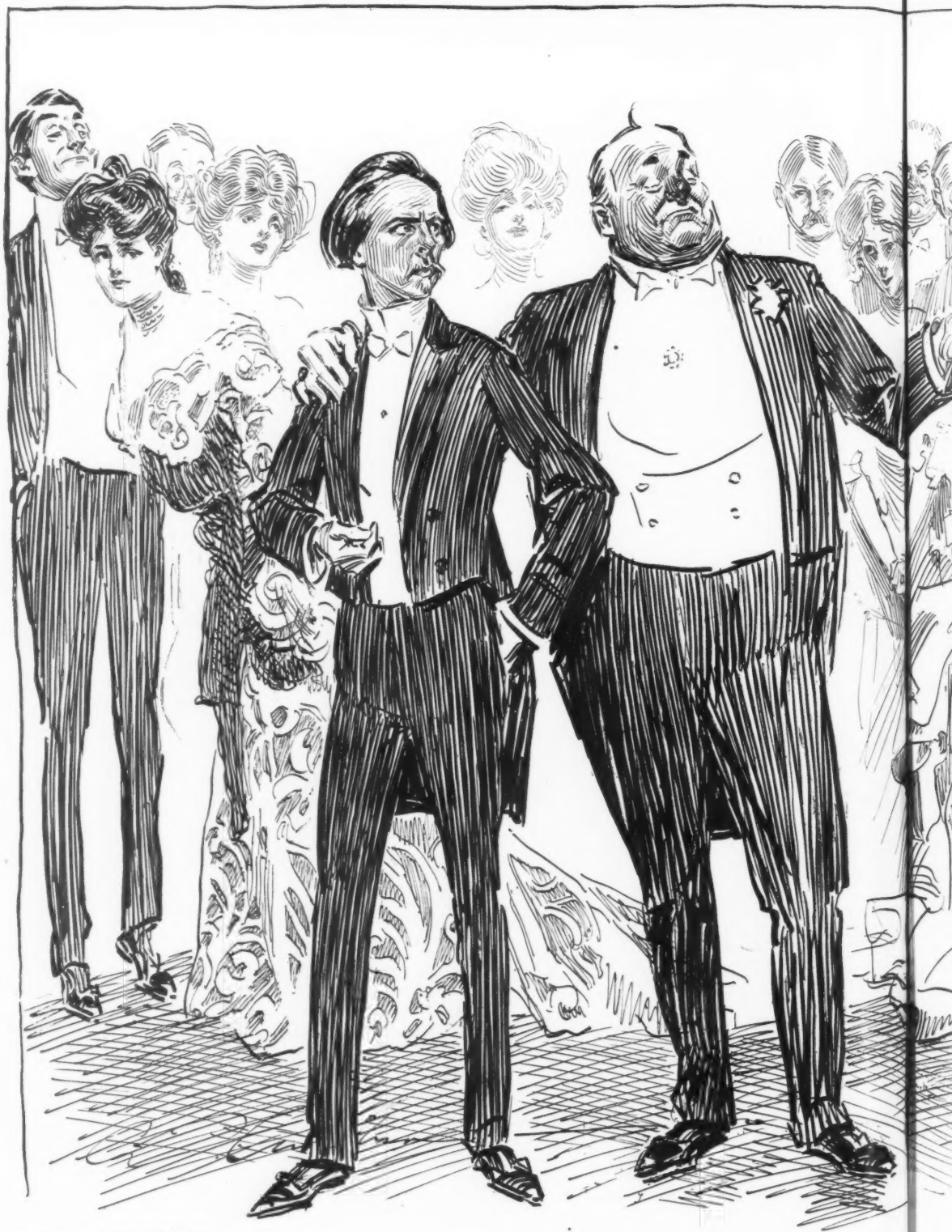


"CIRCUMSTANCES CANNOT ALTER CASES."



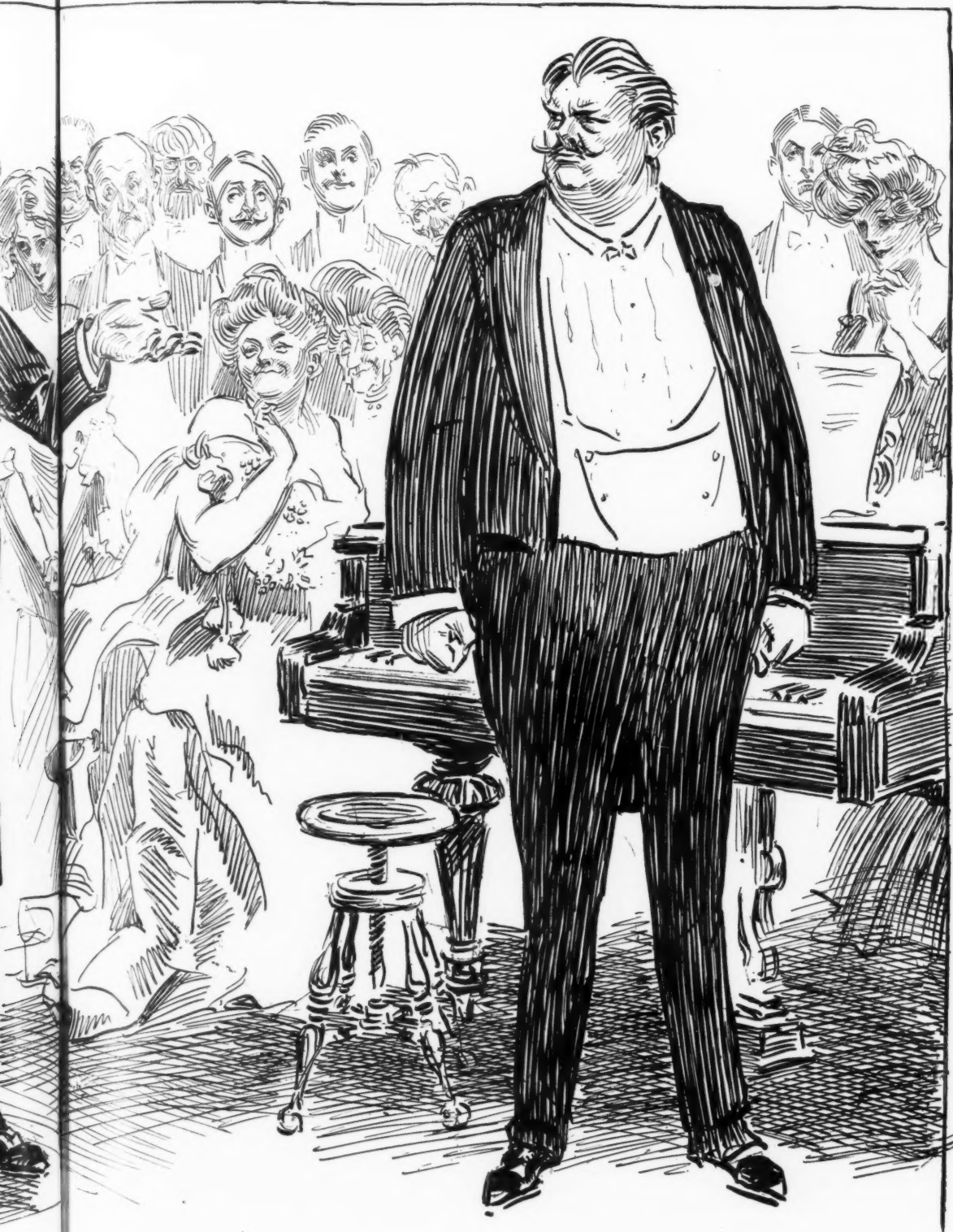
ONLY ONE STEP FURTHER.

A SUGGESTION FOR OPEN ELECTRIC CARS, WHEREBY PASSENGERS MAY BE RECEIVED AND DELIVERED WITHOUT STOPS.



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MR. TAGG GIVES A MUSICAL, AND TAKES IN



A Summer Book for Rose.

O GENIAL Summer, wilt thou not disclose

Some far-off vale where I can leave behind,
Inaudible, the dreary buzz of those

Who strive so fiercely to improve the mind?

I like mine unimproved, and live resigned

To knowing to perfection how to dress!

Read? I *do* read, with rapture unconfined—
A tender tale of love in idleness.

Let freckled spinsters withering for beaux

Flock to the groves of Academe and grind
All through the dog-days in perspiring rows—

Strange gorgons who, the moment they
have dined,

Proceed to tackle Bacon—meat and rind.

For me no such postprandial distress,

But, in a shaded hammock intertwined,

A tender tale of love in idleness.

And let it be a masterpiece, which grows
More sweet twice conned—the rare unpublished kind,

Whose opening and closing are "Dear
Rose!"

With blissful kisses quaintly interlined;

And—for the author—one who seems to find
A joy and inspiration measureless

While whispering, in my happy arms enshrined,

A tender tale of love in idleness.

Willard E. Keyes.

The Legend of Honor.

IT is a melancholy thing to see the idols of our youth shattered, to see illusions fondly cherished vanishing before the hot air of a mean and mercenary age.

In the good old days the Hon. Richard Turpin never meddled with the business activities of Jack Sheppard, Esq., and Captain William Kidd was too much of a gentleman and navigator to butt into the harvest fields of any fellow-practitioner in the gentle art of piracy. In the Homeric days of the West, the middleman, or the middle-of-the-road man, who collected his commissions on the profits of the gold fields from the operators journeying by stage to the pleasure resorts of the Great American Desert, would have deemed it distinctly dishonorable to have held up a fellow-commissionaire returning from a toilsome tour of collection.

APPARENTLY our old standards of professional honor have gone, and the spirit of commercialism has entered this last stronghold of old-fashioned finance. Ion Perdicaris, a retired operator in gas properties,

having cleaned up the unearned increment of numerous well-irrigated gas companies in that center of light and bleeding, New Jersey, departed with his pile for Tangiers in Africa, a happy spot where the rays of the summer sun are never obscured by writs and attachments, and where, in a shop-worn palace, the noble Greek proposed to pass his declining years free from the clamor and ill-breeding of well-skinned minority stockholders. Ion was a popular citizen, a peach, a Tangierine orange, a good spender, a brave wine-opener; and in his African Eden his frugal lunch counter was a resort for transient transatlantic voyagers weary of the persistent attentions of duns and constables. In Tangiers also dwelt the Pasha Raisuli, Praisuli, Yures-truli, as he was variously known; an ex-vizier, politician and general grafter of the Oriental and primitive type, one of the tribe and school of Ishmael. He fell from power, and his benignant Sultan annexed his hard-earned profits, though he thoughtlessly permitted him to elope to the desert with his head and whiskers intact.

GENTLEMEN of the same profession, practitioners of the same cult, Ion and Raisuli, etc., should have been comrades and brothers in exile, bound to each other by the ancient code of honor; yet the base Razooli yanked the retired Ion from his villa, and hauled him off into an oasis in the Sahara, holding him for a paltry ransom of thirty thousand dollars. Is it any wonder that Christian civilization is shocked? Can we marvel that Wall Street is pained and New Jersey is disgusted? Is it surprising that the Pipe Line University is asking if Chicago civilization is a failure?

FORTUNATELY, America is a World Power, and will not submit tamely to the looting of its agents of prosperity by the medieval methods of an African handit. If Perdicaris is to be plundered, instead of financed, out of his vested interests, who will guarantee the security of John D. Sockefeller and the securities of the Great American Steal Trust?

If Ion Pettycarcase can thus be impudently kidnapped, what is to prevent a mob of misguided reformers from lynching our most eminent gas reorganizers, or from hoisting the Jolly Rogers of Massachusetts and Standard Oil on the end of a rope?

Fortunately, a strong, hot proposition rules in Washington. The Government is awake and doing things; and soon our fleets will thunder in Morocco, and give notice to a waiting world that though the Decalogue be a joke among friends and the Bible a literary curiosity, that ancient and honorable Anglo-Saxon adage, "There is honor among thieves," has still life enough to thrill the honest American heart.

Joseph Smith.

Recuperation.

FIRST DOLLAR: You look worn out.

SECOND DOLLAR: I am, but I'll be all right soon.

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to join a fresh-air fund."

Nature.

LANDSCAPE gardening leaves no reasonable doubt that Nature is nice at bottom.

It is through neglect, merely, that she has become countrified.

One will be surprised to find how few millions it takes, provided they be judiciously expended, to give Nature that ease and confidence before company which makes living near her a real joy.



A MYSTERY OF THE DEEP.

The Lobster: WHAT ARE THEY, ANYWAY?

The Crab: YOU MAY SEARCH ME! THEY COME AROUND EVERY SUMMER AND ALWAYS TRAVEL IN PAIRS.

Harold and His Pa.

"SAY, pa, will you go out into the country with me some day?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"And will you sneak off with me, on the quiet, just as you do when you go fishing, so as ma won't know?"

"But, my boy, why do that? I'm sure your mother wouldn't object."

"Yes, she would. She says I don't know enough about the country yet. She says I haven't read all the books in the Nature Library she gave me for Christmas."

"Well, why didn't you?"

"I did at first, pa. I was real interested, and I thought the pictures were splendid. But, pa, it was kind of hard reading."

"That is only because, Harold, your young mind isn't attuned to this sort of thing."

"Attuned! My! Where did you get that word, pa? I'll bet you got it from ma."

"Yes, Harold, I did. Don't you know your mother says that my dull and prosaic and common money-making ear is not attuned to the fine points of Browning? And that's what's the matter with you, my boy. Your ear is not attuned to the directions as to how to know all the trees, flowers and grasses."

"But, pa, don't you think I could attune my own ear, if I went out in the country and looked around and listened for myself?"

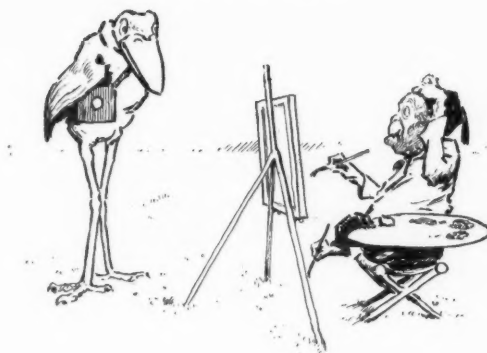
"Dear me, Harold, don't you know that would be very wrong?"

"But why?"

"Well, if you did a thing like that, and every one else should follow your example, our whole educational system would totter on its throne."

"Totter! Why, pa, I thought only kings tottered."

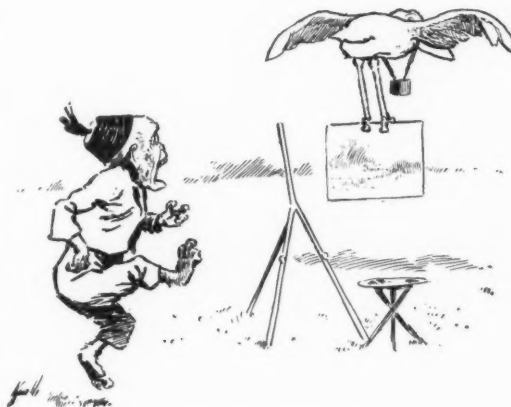
"Oh, no. An educational system can totter just like a king, if it isn't upheld by its subjects."



The Bird: PARDON ME, BUT MAY I TAKE YOUR PICTURE?



"NOW, LOOK PLEASANT."



"THANKS, AWFULLY."

"Well, pa, isn't it a good thing to uphold an educational system?"

"Of course. It's necessary. We must all live, Harold."

"But couldn't we live, if the educational system tottered?"

"Not all of us. We ourselves would have considerable fun learning things at first hand, but, of course, the publishers and educational thinkers would suffer."

"And it isn't right to let any one suffer, is it, pa?"

"No, my boy. I see at last you are beginning to understand. You wouldn't cause anybody any needless suffering, would you?"

"Oh, no."

"Then, Harold, I guess we'll have to give up our trip to the country. You'd better get to work at those nature books again."

"But, pa, how do I know they are right?"

"That's where the fun comes in, Harold. You never will know. If you spend all your time studying them, why, you'll never find out. Don't you see?"

T. M.

A WOMAN is glad to be twenty, ashamed to be forty, sorry to be sixty, and proud to be eighty.

Sport.

(Little boy in a hammock and another standing some distance off, crying. Father talking to the boy in the hammock.)

FATHER: What is Willie crying about?

JOHNNIE: He says he don't like this game.

"Well, what are you playing?"

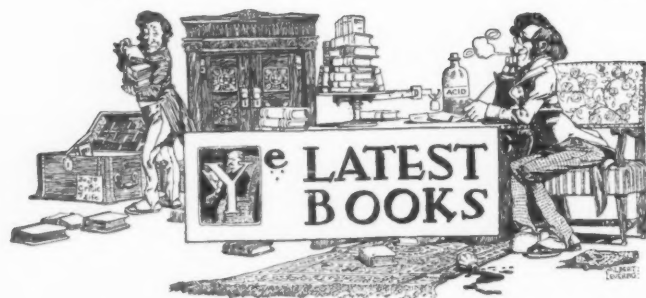
"We are playing with this hammock as a steamboat."

"Well, why is not Willie in it, too?"

"We are playing that he missed the boat."

Irregular Conjugation.

JUG.
Jag.
Jugged.



Blount of Breckenhow, by Beulah Marie Dix, is a story of the English Civil War told in what purport to be contemporary letters. The epistolary form is a difficult one to handle, and is rather apt to frighten readers away, but in this instance it is used with complete success and adds a strongly interpretive touch to a seventeenth century story of unusual merit. The author of *The Making of Christopher Ferringham* and *Blount of Breckenhow* is a careful student of the past, and gifted at once with sympathy and imagination.

And speaking of the past, what laws of literary hygiene have we transgressed that we are threatened with a renewed epidemic of the lesser Weymanites? We thought that we had had this particular romance, had recovered and were immune. Let us hope that the following cases are sporadic. *The Cadets of Gascony*, by Burton E. Stevenson, contains two stories; symptoms—detained dulcinea, debonair dare-devil, duels, deliverance.

The Bright Face of Danger, by R. N. Stephens, is more serious. It also exhibits seventeenth century France, a lady in distress and love to the rescue. But that love should be kindled by so lachrymose a heroine, or that the necessary illusion should be maintained about so ultratypical a hero, is only possible in the delirium of the romantic fever. The book is a sequel to *An Enemy to the King*.

Arthur Colton, the author of *The Delectable Mountain* and *The Debatable Land*, is a writer with a philosophical bent and a remarkably individual outlook, who has heretofore dealt very distinctively with rugged and outlying regions from an impressionistic standpoint. In *Port Argent* Mr. Colton may be said to have come to town, since Port Argent is a city of the Middle West, and its business, social and political activities are touched upon in the story. The latter, by the way, is bright and full of characteristic Coltonisms, but a bit jerky.

Mr. Harold Steele Mackaye seems to have stepped into the empty shoes of Mr. Frank Stockton, and, if one may judge from *The Panchronicon*, Mr. Mackaye's new story, he does not find them much too large. The philosophical attitude of the two writers toward nonsense is much the same, and Mr. Mackaye's idea of possible freedom of motion in Time as well as in Space is a clever one and well handled.

Once upon a time, in the long ago, when John Kendrick Bangs's Idiot made his initial bow in *Coffee and Repartee*,

it seemed that his fellow-boarders must have named him The Idiot out of envy. His subsequent appearances have shaken this belief, and now *The Inventions of the Idiot* makes it quite clear that the appellation was born not of pique but of perspicacity.

Hildegard Brooks's fantastic little satire on the new woman, *The Daughters of Desperation*, is a bit of delicate nonsense calculated to tickle the imaginative and befuddle the matter of fact. It is like nothing so much as the game of the Japanese jugglers, who keep six foolish paper butterflies fluttering in the air with the apparently purposeless waving of a toy fan.

J. B. Kerfoot.

Blount of Breckenhow. By Beulah Marie Dix. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

The Cadets of Gascony. By Burton Egbert Stevenson. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$1.50.)

The Bright Face of Danger. By R. N. Stephens. (L. C. Page and Company, Boston. \$1.50.)

Port Argent. By Arthur Colton. (Henry Holt and Company. \$1.50.)

The Panchronicon. By Harold Steele Mackaye. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

The Inventions of the Idiot. By John Kendrick Bangs. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.25.)

The Daughters of Desperation. By Hildegard Brooks. (McClure, Phillips and Company. \$1.25.)

Helpful Suggestion.

"SO?" hoarsely sighed Hector Montmorency. "So? You spurn me? And I must go forth—go out into the bitter world—with despair and unutterable woe written on my face! What is left for me to do?"

Her womanly sympathy—her feminine willingness to offer a suggestion that might be of avail—manifested itself.

"You might go into a dime museum as the man with the postal-card face," she murmured.



"LONDON BRIDGE."



THE PARTING.

He: I SHALL NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN!

"WELL, DON'T CALL TO-MORROW NIGHT, FOR I'LL BE OUT."



MABEL'S OUTFIT.

Now Mabel's packed her trunks and gone to dwell beside the sea;
She took more things than she will need to wear, it seems to me.
She took her dark blue etamine, her pongee and her voile,
Twelve nainsooks, twenty organdies that cost me lots of toil.
Foulards galore, two crepe de chins, a mousseline de soie,
Two taffetas embroidered mull—Lord, help poor old pa—
Some dotted swiss as fine as mist, ball dresses by the bunch,
With gowns for breakfast, dinner, tea, and other gowns for lunch.
Of snowy muslins she took ten, of shirtwaists ninety-two,
Of yachting suits and white duck skirts enough to please a shrew;
She's also got her bathing suit—it surely is a dream,
Made out of hardly anything worth mentioning, 'twould seem.
She's got a gross of petticoats, eight hundred pairs of hose,
And handkerchiefs enough to blow each blessed human nose;
She's forty-two kimonos and a hundredweight of gloves,
And dressing gowns and picture hats and other things in droves.
She took a dozen mirrors and a peck of powder puffs,
With bottle after bottle of the best complexion stuffs;
With thirty-seven parasols and things I s'pose her ma knows quite a little more about than me, for I'm her pa.
We stood around to see her off and shed some tears of fear
She'd miss her catch and make us buy her summer duds next year.
Her ma's last words were: "Mabel, dear, be sure and don't forget
To wear your bathing suit each day—but don't you get it wet!"—*Baltimore American*.

In a little bayou so near the beach that the low tide rose and fell on the overgrown banks, a "flat-bottom," paddled by an old darky, was shelved on a mud bank. The mud was too deep for him to get out and push, and his manoeuvres with the paddle were proving less and less effectual.

In his exasperation he saw a woman stooping down at the landing some yards above to fill her pail from the stream.

"Get out o' dat!" he called out, angrily. "Ef ye takes a drop outen dis yere bayou till I gits afloat agin, I'll mek ye pay fer it ef I hev ter wade asho' ter do it!"—*Youth's Companion*.



WHEN THE BELLOWING BREEZES BLOW.

MRS. DORÉ LYON, of the National Federation of Women's Clubs, was talking about the servant question.

"A maid at my hotel," said Mrs. Lyon, "told me last night a new servant girl story. She said that a St. Louis woman engaged a new servant and gave her a number of instructions about her duties. In conclusion she said:

"And, Hannah, we have breakfast at 8 o'clock."

"Very well, mum," Hannah answered. "If I'm not down by that time don't wait for me."—*New York Tribune*.

THE BOATRACE.

I.

I have purchased myself a ticket and take my place in the train.
I see about me many maidens and many robust young men
Talking to them. They seem to like it.
I see about me old grads, with drinks under their belts.
There are many flags.

II.

We move swiftly up the track to where the race is to be.
Here we remain in the hot sun upward of three hours.
Here the sun raises on my neck blisters, water blisters,
Blood blisters and plain blisters.
The race cannot be rowed because there is too much wind.
I am filled with joy that I have coughed up two bones for this.

III.

Years, decades, centuries pass and the oarsmen appear.
They are clad in a garment which shall be nameless.
I see a pistol raised. There is a flash. They commence.
Around me pandemonium breaks out. I hear cheers, cries,
Groans, encouragements, entreaties, pleadings, betting.
Supplications. I hear "hell," "damn," "pull," "lobster" and
Some new ones.

IV.

Ten minutes pass. The oarsmen keep doing it.
They contract chapped hands, shortness of breath, Anæmia and abdominal pains. Then the race is Over.
In the train are congratulations, noises, felicitations,
Liquidation of debts and mushy talk between The sexes.
I am hungry.
—"Walt Whitman," in *The Cornell Widow*.

"I GUESS Mr. Olden doesn't feel as young as he did several months ago," remarked the observant man.

"Why do you think so?"

"He used to joke with that undertaker who lives near him, but he doesn't do it any more."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

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G. McCLURE, 5820 Superior St., Austin, Ill."

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Grass widows may, of course, be blue,
But I have never seen
(No more has any one of you)
A single one that's green.

—Philadelphia Press.

THE MOTHER'S FRIEND
when nature's supply fails, is Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. It is a cow's milk adapted to infants, according to the highest scientific methods.

JUSTICE may be slow in Illinois, but it is terrible. Several members of a mob which lynched a man at Belleville last summer have been fined \$50 each.—*The Kansas City Journal*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South. *Booklet*.

SHE: Have you a copy of "Prometheus Bound"?
HE: No, ma'am; but we can get it bound for you any way you like.—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

FONSECA? (Imported Cigars.)

ONE of the daintiest and most attractive illustrated tourist books of the season has just been issued by the Cleveland & Buffalo Transit Company, whose magnificent Steamers ply daily between the points named, leaving each city in the evening and arriving early the following morning. This bids fair to become the popular route to and from the St. Louis Exposition. Tickets reading over the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern R. R. are accepted on these Steamers without extra charge. Send four cents in stamps to cover postage for "Summer Tours" to W. F. Herman, G. P. A., Cleveland, O.

You can save time with the new postage stamp by sticking the letter up in the right hand corner of it.—*The Washington Post*.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

THE Washington club has now won four games. This leaves the Russian navy all alone in its class.—*The Atlanta Journal*.

ONLY a few days more remain of what has been the grandest race-meeting in the history of the American turf. The Sheephead Bay course has always been noted not only for the cleanness and high quality of its racing, but for the special quality of the attendance at its meetings. The Coney Island Jockey Club includes in its membership many of New York's leading citizens, and they and their families and guests make each day on the verdure-covered grounds of this beautiful and historic race-course a social event of importance. In the remaining few days of the present meeting several important stake races are to be decided, and the programme for every day is an interesting one to the lover of the thoroughbred horse. To the man or woman whose blood runs sluggish in their veins an afternoon at the Sheephead Bay race-course cannot help but bring the exhilaration that goes with an outing in the open air, and the quickening of every pulse that goes with witnessing contests between the kings and queens of the turf, both on the flat and over the hurdles.

OWING to the inability of the railroads to furnish enough cars, the World's Fair management will not designate a special Boodlers' Day. It is also questionable whether the area of the grounds, which exceeds 1,200 acres, would be large enough to accommodate all the guests at one time. However, the gentlemen may appeal to Circuit Attorney Folk if they think they aren't treated right.—*The St. Louis Republic*.

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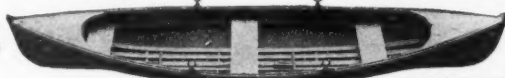
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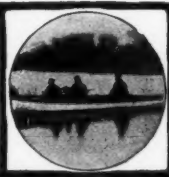
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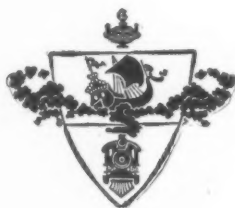
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The Norsk Nightingale.

TAL me not, yu knocking fallers,
Life ban only empty dream;
Dar ban planty fun, ay tal yu,
Ef yu try Yohn Yohnson's scheme.
Yohn ban yust a section foreman
Vorking hard vay up on Soo;
He ban yust so glad in morning
As ven all his vork ban tru.

"Vork," say Yohn, "ban vat yu mak it—
Ef yu tenk yure vork ban hard
Yu skol having planty headaches,
Yes, yu bet yure life, old pard;
But ay always yerik my coat off,
Grab my shovel and my pick,
And dis yob ant seem lak hard von
Ef ay du it purty quick."

Yohn ban foreman over fallers,
He ant have to vork, yu see,
But yu bet he ant no loafer,
And he yust digs in, by yee!
"Listen, Olaf," he skol tal me,
"Making living ant no trick,
And the hardest yob ban easy
Ef yu only du it quick!"

Let us den be op and yumping,
Always glad to plow tru drift;
Ven our vork ban done, den let us
Give some oder faller lift.
Den ay bet yu old St. Peter
He skol tenk ve're purty slick;
Ve can go tru Gates, aye bet yu,
Ef ve only du it quick!

—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

THE *Cat Journal* (Palmyra, N. Y.) has a refuge for stray cats. Here is a letter received from one of those who have been benefited:

To the Crystal Cat Refuge:

I want to thank you for the kind care that you gave me while I was with you. Now I am in my new home, I intended letting you hear from me often. I have every chance here to enjoy life. I can have a reasonable amount of outdoor freedom and plenty of good things to eat. I have found a hole in the barn, that I have discovered is the home of a mouse, and I pass away many hours watching for the occupant to appear. It is a long wait, but as my wants are supplied, and I do not feel it necessary to hustle for a living, I can spend all my time in quiet and leisure. I am well and happy and will stop for this time, but will write again some time.

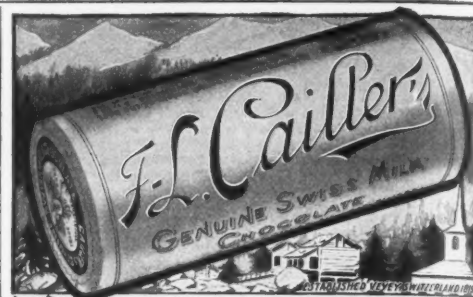
—*Miss Muffet*.

NORMAN E. MACK, of Buffalo, was asked, the other day, to define the word bonanza. Mr. Mack has had some experience in mining propositions, and replied: "A bonanza is a hole in the ground owned by a d—d liar."

—*Argonaut*.

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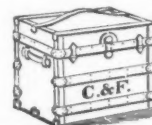
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